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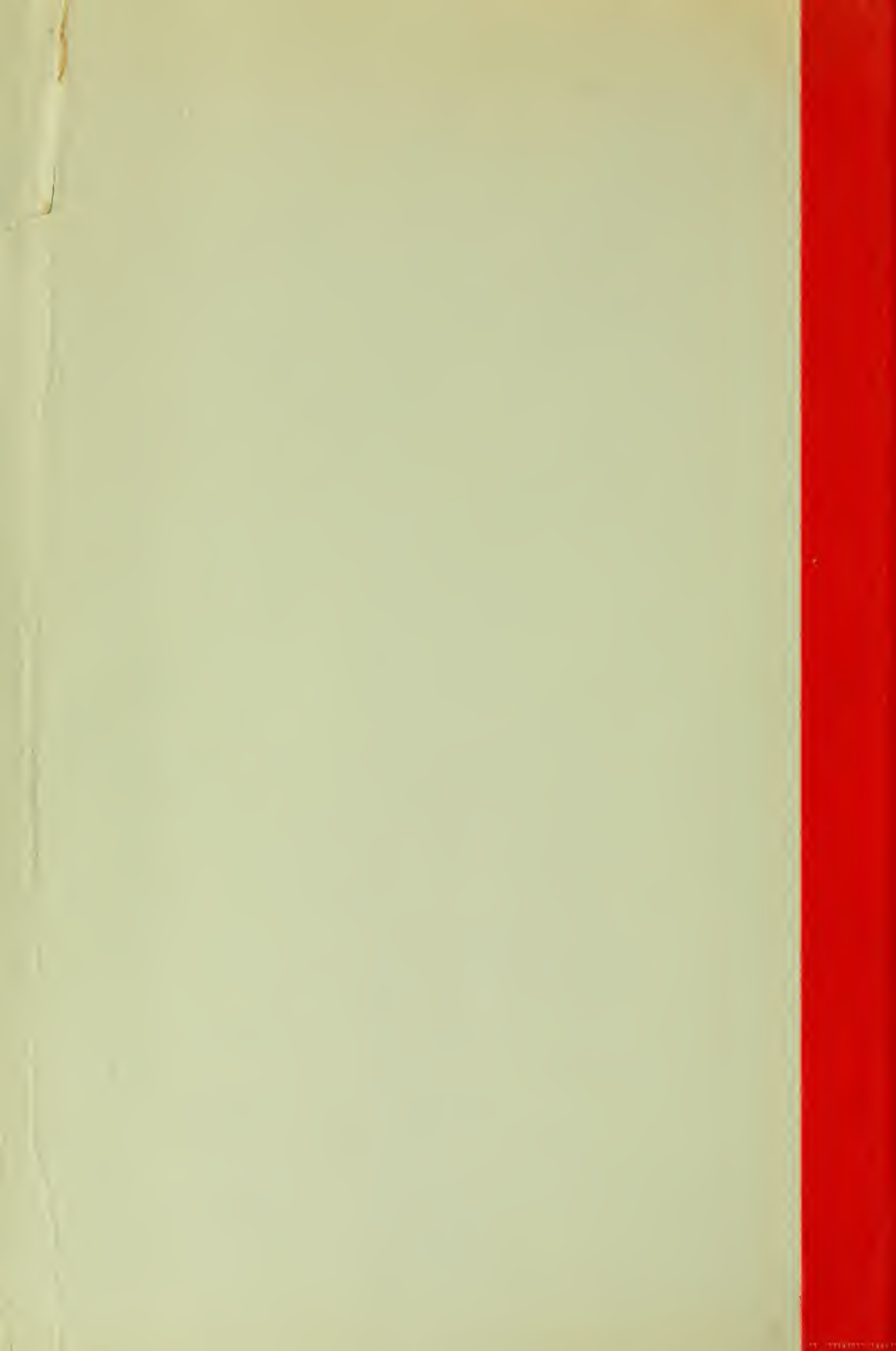
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# **SOME MISSING AND MISPLACED ANCESTORS.**

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**Paper Read Before the Kittochtinny  
Historical Society,  
THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1907.**



—By—  
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Ancestry hunting in America has become a "fad." Even as a fad the pursuit is a worthy one. So far, a desire for the knowledge of their forebears has been an aspiration of American women more generally than of American men. Necessarily the character of the work accomplished has been amateurish, consisting for the most part of an array of names as unintelligible as the lists of Irish kings of the lines of Heber and Heremon from the "Four Masters." Incomplete and unsatisfactory as are these collections of names they have their uses, and often serve as a foundation for valuable genealogical work. I regard the search for the ancestry of the descendants of the Pennsylvania pioneers as so important that it ought to attain to the dignity of a mission if not of a cult. The six, eight or ten generations that have sprung from the early settlers on the frontiers of Penn's province, represent a new type of American manhood. The existing families of the Scotch-Irish pioneers are no longer Scotch. The descendants of the Pennsylvania Germans—Pennsylvania "Dutch" as they have been popularly called—are no longer German. In this part of the world began a blending of nations and even of races that has wrought a complete transformation. We, the great and the great-great grandchildren of the pioneers, are so near the beginnings of the transfusion of bloods that has resulted in this new American type that it becomes our duty to trace our origin from its inception and to place the history of its development and progress upon record for our posterity. With this end in view I have chosen for my subject on this occasion, "Some Missing and Misplaced Ancestors," confining my theme to families whose ancestry belonged to the Conococheague country. The missing ancestors of the Conococheague pioneers whose descendants represent families of distinction in every state of the Union are more numerous than one would suspect upon a mere cursory examination of the subject. Their names are found on the tax lists of "Old Mother Antrim," "Old Lurgan" and Guilford, Hamilton, Peters and Fannett Townships. In

many cases these names represent American families of national and historic importance, and trace their ancestry back to the Conococheague in a vague indefinite way. Among these a few are still represented in this community, but for the most part even their names are forgotten by the present owners of the soil that they were the first to break. Of the former class whose descendants are known to all of us, I may name the Bards, Bonbrakes, Brackenridges, Culbertsons, Elders, Joneses, McDowell, Poes, Pomeroy, Reishers, Shields and Wilsons. Of the latter are the Allisons, Armstrongs, Bairs, Barrs, Beatty's, Berryhill's, Bittingers, Browns, Browns, Buchanans, Campbells, Cassatts, Chestnuts, Douglass, Dunns, Eatons, Elliots, Erwins, Ewalts, Findlays, Gasses, Gibsons, Harrises, Hendersons, Hollidays, Irwins, Jacks, McBrides, McClellans, McClures, McKeanes, McLenes, Mullins, Magaws, Matthews, Mitchells, Newells, Orbisons, Parkers, Pattons, roomans, Ramseys, Reas, Scotts, Smiths, Speers, Stevensons, Talbots, Taylors, Thomsons, Thompsons, Torrences, Turners, Van Lears, Waddells, Whites, Widneys, Works, Wrights and Youngs.

Beginning with the first name on my list, the Bards, I find it represented by two ladies of the highest respectability. Their relations, near and remote, are scattered all over the Union. The history of the Bard family has engaged my attention for a number of years with accumulating results, but for me it has been a singularly interesting romance of ancestry hunting. To begin with, I had the ancestral names of Richard Bard and his wife, Catharine Poe, but beyond the tragic story of their captivity among the Indians, as it is told in "Border Life," we had little data relating to their descendants and none concerning their antecedents. To make the matter worse, the late Dr. William Henry Egle, with the enthusiastic but indiscriminating zeal of the amateur genealogist, gave us a wrong sign board for our lineal highway. In a brief sketch of Richard Bard, as a member of the Pennsylvania Convention that ratified the Fed-



eral Constitution, Dr. Egle said that his father, Bernard Bard, settled and built a mill on Middle Creek, in what is now Adams county. It was true that Richard Bard's father settled and built a mill on Middle Creek, but his name was Archibald, not Bernard. It was from that mill that Richard Bard and his wife were carried into captivity by the savages in 1758. Egle's mistake cast upon me the burden of establishing Richard Bard's parentage by proofs that would have been accepted as evidence in a court of law in a judicial proceeding. The chain of testimony when it was finally completed was as follows:

1. Maryland records and recitals filed in the Land Office of Pennsylvania show that Archibald Beard was one of four men who purchased under a Maryland title a tract of 5000 acres of land at Fairfield, Adams county, Pa., that is still known as "Carroll's Delight."

2. An indenture on record in York county shows that Archibald Beard conveyed a part of this tract and the Mill Place, outside of it, to Richard Baird.

3. A letter from George Stevenson, of York, printed in the "Pennsylvania Archives," gives information of Richard Bard's return from captivity, and adds that he had not yet arrived at his father's house on Marsh Creek, of which Middle Creek is a tributary.

In the deed from Archibald Beard to Richard Baird the grantor mentioned his son William, but notwithstanding it was a condition of the indenture that the conveyance was to be void if Richard failed to support Archibald for the rest of his life, the deed contained no direct proof that the grantee was his son. I now had on my hands a probable brother of Richard Bard, of whom I knew nothing, with no legal evidence of their relationship. It was very provoking. Besides, it was a question whether the names Beard, Baird and Bard were only variants of the same family name. Fortunately, this question was solved by three deeds on record in the Recorder's office at Chambersburg. Archibald Beard had obtained a warrant for a tract of land near

the nunnery in Quincey township. In turn this land was the property of Archibald, William and Richard, all of whom executed deeds for it. Archibald's deed was signed Archibald Beard; William's was signed William Baird and Richard's was signed Richard Bard. If it had not been for Dr. Egle's confident assumption of Bernard as the Bard ancestor I should have regarded the proofs already adduced as a satisfactory adjustment of my genealogical problem, but with that blunder staring me in the face I could not content myself without an absolute settlement of the vexed question. A weary pursuit of disappointing chimeras, the false children of illusive and elusive clues followed, but in the period of hopes deferred, data for a family history of the later generations was obtained that is remarkably full and complete. At last I was shown a paper in the handwriting of Archibald Bard, who for more than twenty years was an associate judge of Franklin county. This paper contained a brief genealogy in scriptural form. It read thus: Archibald Bard, which was the son of Richard, which was the son of Archibald, which was the son of David, which was the son of William. My riddle was solved. A missing ancestor was found, and the mistaken ancestor was relegated to the German Bard family on the other side of the county to which he actually belonged.

A worthy doctor of divinity, whom I knew during his useful life, used to assert that everybody of the same name would be found to be kin, more or less remote, if their lineage could be traced. I do not believe that this assumption is true of all the people of the same name in any country,—it is certainly not true of many people of the same name in Pennsylvania. A glance at the passenger lists of German, French and Swiss immigrants in Rupp's "Thirty Thousand Names" will reveal many surnames generally assumed to be English or Scotch and by an easy transformation, Scotch-Irish. Among these immigrants were many Bards who settled in Montgomery, Berks, Lancaster, and York counties, Pa., and in Frederick county, Md. All the Bards now living in

Berks and Lancaster counties are of German descent. The Bards of New York and New Jersey, now, I believe extinct so far as the name goes, were of French Huguenot origin. Michael Bard, a prominent man in York county in the Revolution, at the time of his death owned the Reichard farm, between Fetterhoff's chapel and Mont Alto, in this county. Bernhard Bard, whom Dr. Egle mistook for the father of Richard Bard, was a son of Martin Bard, who settled in Germany township in York, now Adams, county, at a very early period. The names of these immigrants were generally written Barth or Bardt, but in the second generation the name had become Bard and their descendants are Bards to this day.

The president of your society is always active in promoting Scotch-Irish movements, celebrating Scotch-Irish enterprises and exalting Scotch-Irish virtues, but I verily believe that his emigrant ancestor had not a drop of Scotch-Irish blood in his veins. Besides, his name was George and not Thomas. Some of the Pomeroy's take it as a hardship that I insist upon changing the name of their American ancestor. I can only answer them that I sincerely believe that their ancestor knew his own name. Sometime before his death, the late Major John M. Pomeroy wrote a brief history of the Pomeroy family, which was printed. "He died about 1770," Major Pomeroy said, speaking of the first of the name in this country: "I hoped to get the date of his death more accurately from the records of Cumberland county, which at that date embraced Lurgan township, but learned with regret that the Recorder's office at Carlisle was destroyed in 1776 together with its contents. I found there the account of Thomas Pomeroy, who was the administrator of his mother, widow of the first Thomas from which it appeared that she died in 1777. Her name was Margaret."

Major Pomeroy gave the names of the sons of the so-called first Thomas Pomeroy as Thomas, John, George and Samuel, and he added, that while he was not able to get the names of the four daughters, one of them married a Mr. Doyle and another a Mr. Dun-

can. It is very clear that Major Pomeroy was the victim of some modern Ananias, who possessed the peculiar gift of confidently asserting what he did not know. Not a scrap of the Cumberland county records was ever burned. There is on record at Carlisle the will of George Pumroy, proved Nov. 6, 1776, in which he named a widow, Margaret; sons, Thomas, John and George; and daughters Elizabeth, Mary, Hannah, Margaret and Isabel. Elizabeth Pumroy married Charles Boyle, and Margaret married David Duncan. It will be observed that the only difference between these two lists—the one from tradition and the other from the will—was that there were three sons and five daughters instead of four sons and four daughters, and that Elizabeth Pumroy married a Mr. Boyle instead of a Mr. Doyle. The similarity in the names of the Pomeroy sons and of the husbands of the two Pomeroy daughters is too striking to be a mere coincidence. If we are not to accept the testator in this case as the Pomeroy ancestor as against the ancestor of tradition proofs of ancestry by public records, the best evidence available to us, will become impossible. I confess that I do not like the substitution of ancestors, even as against tradition, and I never allow myself to desecrate the sanctity of a consecrated name unless it is a duty that I owe to the truth of history. At the same time I may add that there is nothing so tenacious of life as a disproved tradition.

In connection with these two cases of missing and mistaken ancestors, I wish to point out an unfounded claim to a German origin for a Conococheague family. Among the early settlers along the Falling Spring in Guilford township was Benjamin Gass. With only the surname as a criterion that unusually accurate historian, Daniel Rupp, unhesitatingly set him down as a German. He came from the river Bann in Ireland. It is true, however, that many emigrants came to Pennsylvania from Ireland whose ancestry was as Dutch as sour-kROUT. We may take the Widney family of Path Valley as a case in point. The first of the Widneys to settle in Ireland was

an officer in the army of William of Orange who was rewarded for gallantry at Boyne Water, by a grant of land in Ulster. As an illustration of Dutch ancestors and ancestresses born in Ireland, I may mention the fact that the mother of Judge Mellon, of Pittsburgh, although born in the vale of the Strule, in County Tyrone, was by extraction a Hollander. And as a further illustration of the eccentricities of nomenclature as a guide to racial antecedents, I may point to my own great-grand-mother, who, although born and married in Rotterdam, was by surname a Powell. An esteemed Irish correspondent of mine, Sir Edmund Bewley, of Dublin, informs me that many of the Powells of Ireland shortened their name to Poe. The Poes of Ireland, who pronounce their name in two syllables, are Anglo-Irish. Some of them were officers in that oppressed country at the Cromwellian usurpation, but while they had long been settled in England they were either of French or German origin. There are Poes in this county today whose ancestors were emigrants from Germany. If I were to cite all the cases of the kind that press upon me, you would be too late for supper, unless you made up your minds to run away from me.

Another misapprehension that sometimes results in misconceptions of Cumberland Valley ancestries is the prevalent belief that the early settlers of this valley emigrated directly from Ireland or Germany. As a matter of fact many of the early settlers were Bostonese before they became Pennamites. When the Rev. David McClure, who was a New Englander by birth, passed through this valley in 1764 on his way to the Ohio, he was stopped to preach to the Presbyterians at the Big Spring. After the service an aged lady approached him and asked him if his mother was a McClintock. He answered affirmatively, and was then told that his venerable uncle, his mother's brother, was living in the neighborhood, and that the lady to whom he was speaking was his aunt, and the children who accompanied her were his cousins. In accordance with the hospitality of the time he became their

guest and visited them on his frequent journeys through the valley. The McClintocks came from Medway, Mass., and the McClures settled in Boston as early as 1729.

The McClures of the Cumberland and Sherman's Valley usually impute their ancestry to the early settlers of the name in Chester county, but the claim is an exceedingly vague one, especially as William McClure of whom, so far as I know, no one has ever written, built a mill on the west branch of the Conococheague Creek, near Mercersburg, where the old Hiestler mill now stands, as early as 1746. This is not only a case of a missing ancestor but of missing posterity. We know that he had a son Thomas McClure, who recovered in the courts of Cumberland county for materials furnished for the erection of the mill; that he had another son Patrick McClure, who inherited one half of his lands under his will on record in Lancaster county, and finally settled at McClure's Gap side by side with Robert McClure, the great-grandfather of Colonel A. K. McClure, and that he had a daughter Mary McClure, who married John Scott, an early settler on the Antietam, in Washington township, just across the line from Antrim. The old homestead which John Scott built is still standing. The only one of Mary McClure Scott's sons who had children was Dr. James Scott, of Virginia. He married a daughter of Bessie Lewis, the sister of George Washington. The Scott family of Virginia have long been in search of their McClure ancestry, but it was only lately that they were able to obtain any knowledge of the situation of the Scott homestead, or of the identity of their McClure ancestor.

Discursive as has been this paper so far, I hope it is not entirely wanting in suggestiveness. My aim is to interest those who can assist me in finding missing ancestors and in placing misplaced ones in their true relation to their posterity. There are many persons who would be happy to help me if they knew something of the searches I am making.

I want them to know.

I want information concerning the progenitors of the Bards, especially



David and William Bard, or Baird, the grandfather and great grandfather of Richard Bard; to learn the name and parentage of the wife of Archibald Bard, or Beard, of "Carroll's Delight;" the exact relationship of Richard Bard and his wife, Catharine Poe, to the children of Capt. John Potter, the first sheriff of Cumberland county; data concerning the Bards, of Bardstown, Ky.; the parentage of Elizabeth Deemer, the wife of the Rev. David Bard; and any stray bits of Bard history.

I want the missing link that will mend the chain of descent of Conrad Bonbrake, of Washington township, from Daniel Bonbrake, of Grindstone Hill.

I want to connect the Breckenridges of Kentucky with the Breckenridges of "Culbertson's Row."

I want to trace the lineage of the Culbertsons of "Culbertson's Row" back to the plantation of Ulster.

I want a complete history of the Elder family, of Path Valley, and I particularly want the story of James Elder, who was 106 years old at his death, and of his wife Elizabeth, who died at 104.

I also want to trace all the descendants of John Jones, who settled in Cowan's Gap after the Revolution, and reached the remarkable age of 113 years.

I want to determine the kinship of the McDowells of Mt. Parnell, the McDowells of Kishacoquillas, and the McDowells of Virginia and Kentucky.

I want to ascertain whether Thomas Poe of Conococheague was akin to the Anglo-Irish Poes of Counties Louth and Tipperary; or to the Poes of Drum, County Cavan, to which John Poe, the great-grandfather of Edgar Allan Poe, belonged; or the Powell-Poes, of Clonfeacle, County Tyrone.

I want data for a complete genealogy of the Pomeroy's.

I want to supplement the easily obtainable knowledge of the Reishers, or Chambersburg, with equally full information of their kinsmen, the Rishers of Western Pennsylvania.

And to conclude the list with which I began, I want to know all that I can learn of the forebears of the Shields and Wilson families. Judge Gillan, in

his paper on the Wilson family, did not tell us the name of the father of John Wilson, and the grandfather of Sarah Wilson, the founder of Wilson College. It was Moses. I want some Pharaoh's daughter to lift this Moses out of the bulrushes, so that, guided by a rod whose lineage runs back to Adam, he may lead the lost tribes of the Wilsons of the Conococheague, out of the Wilderness, in which their shades are wandering, into their ancient heritage of reverence and affection.

Of the Conococheague ancestors whose names have disappeared from our midst—to use a favorite phrase of the gifted writers of "Duffield Drippings" and "Markes Markers"—I would write at length did not time and space forbid. While I shall not attempt to present the families I have named in alphabetical sequence I may say of them as a whole that their history and that of their kinship by intermarriage is the early history of the whole Conococheague region. Each of them is allied to the others by ties of blood that made the early tax-lists the threads for a magic carpet that like Solomon's had the power to waft their children wherever it was the desire of their hearts to be set down. Like the ancient nomads our early settlers quickly disappeared from the haunts that charmed them, but unlike the nomads they left traces behind them that it is our pleasure to search out and to celebrate. When Greencastle has an "Old Home Week" the chosen orators for the occasion tell of Col. John Allison, the founder, although there are no Allisons there to hear them. Had John Wallace, who platted the town of Waynesboro, been able to return to it in its centennial year he would have found no Wallaces but instead a teeming swarm of skilled mechanics issuing from the huge factories that have replaced the simple workshops of his time. Mercersburg still has its legends of the Smiths—Squire William and Captain James, typical pioneers, both of them—but the descendants of these early worthies have disappeared from the neighborhood and are scattered over the West and South, and it may be doubted if many of the dwellers in

the modern town have ever heard the story of the achievements of the captain of the "Black Boys" when the incipient village was still called Smithstown. I may pause to add that the first defiance of the military authority of Great Britain in America occurred at old Fort Loudon after James Smith and his followers defeated the Indian traders in the Big Cove in 1765 and afterward besieged the garrison in the fort until the arms taken from the people in the mountains were surrendered. Even in Chambersburg it is not unlikely that the surname of its founder will become a reminiscence before many years have sped.

It is a strange feeling that comes over a man who tries to repeople a country as it was within fifty years of its first settlement. If he goes on a journey a missing ancestor is apt to peep out at him from almost every bush. With me on the trolley as far as the eastern limits of Stoufferstown is a journey of kaleidoscopic reveries. Passing the hospital to the top of the hill on the new Baltimore avenue I am at once a subject for many vivid impressions and memories. On my left is the Falling Spring and in the far distance, almost behind me, I can catch a glimpse of the old Pritts house, built by Joseph Chambers, a son of the founder of Chambersburg, and inhabited for many years by his son-in-law, the Rev. John McKnight, and later by Joseph Pritts, editor of the "Whig." The quaint white mansion, now the home of my friend, Augustus Duncan, Esq., was built by Judge James Riddle, the grandfather of Mrs. Kennedy, on what was originally the Baird plantation. Thomas Baird, the first settler, was the great-grandfather of the distinguished scientist, the late Prof. Spencer Fullerton Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution. East of the Baird land, along the Falling Spring, and up Hawthorn Run to its source, was the Gass tract. The Gasses were fullers and the elder Benjamin Gass built a fulling mill near where the old Stouffer Mill has long stood. The western part of the Gass tract was sold to Robert Jack, who kept the first tavern in Chambersburg on the site of the old National Bank. The Jacks

were among the earliest settlers in Guilford township. Patrick and James Jack, brothers, were the first comers. Patrick was one of the founders of the Falling Spring Presbyterian church. He removed to North Carolina with his family. James was the father of Robert Jack. He owned the lands around New Franklin, afterwards the Snyder farms. His other sons were James, Patrick and John. James settled near Newville and was the father of a large family of sons and daughters. His daughter, Mary Jack, married John Herron, and became the ancestress of the Herron family of Pittsburgh. Patrick lived in Hamilton township and was the father of John Finley Jack, a member of the Chambersburg Bar. It was from this Patrick Jack that came the famous myth of Captain Jack, sometimes called the "Wild Hunter of the Juniata." When he was a young man he was captain of a company of scouts on the Conococheague and was designated by Croghan to beat up the savage allies of the French in front of Braddock's march. With his men dressed as Indians he appeared in Braddock's camp, but his reception by that doughty and self-sufficient warrior caused him to withdraw with his command. He was afterward a captain in the Revolution, as was also his nephew, John Jack, a son of Robert. John Jack, the son of James, removed to Westmoreland county, where he assisted in promulgating the Hannastown Declaration of Independence and was active in defending the frontier against the Indians during the Revolution. John Jack's daughter Mary married William Thompson, a son of Thomas Thompson, of Hamilton township. William Thompson and Mary Jack were the great-grandparents of Josiah V. Thompson, of Uniontown, who was a prominent candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1906. The Gass lands passed into the possession of Robert Jack's sons, one of whom, James Jack, kept the hotel in the public square in Chambersburg in which the first courts of Franklin county were held. This Jack plantation extended across Baltimore avenue and included the famous Shetter's woods, in which Gen.

Robert E. Lee had his headquarters in 1863. A part of the Jack farm became the property of John Brown, the first postmaster of Chambersburg. Behind Shetter's woods, which are no longer in existence, was the first Chambersburg race course in the early years of the nineteenth century.

A drive along the Falling Spring road is exceedingly interesting. At its beginning, a short distance east of the Stoufferstown school house, the Falling Spring once had an underground passage, in which the Nugent outlaws sometimes hid their plunder. The Nugent homestead was further up the Falling Spring, northeast of the Reformed Mennonite Church. All this territory, from the limits of Chambersburg almost to the head of the Falling Spring, became the property of Abraham Stouffer, the ancestor of our Stouffer family, and included the Baird and Gass tracts, the village of Stoufferstown and the two Stouffer mills. At the head of the Falling Spring were the early Lindsay farms. The Lindsays were one of the early noteworthy families of Guilford township. Somebody must help me to differentiate them and their descendants before I can write their history. Above the head of the Falling Spring were the farms of two of my great-grandfathers, Balser Oberkirsh and Frederick Hoffman. I am at a loss even when I attempt to write of my own kin, although I spent a part of my youth on the Hoffman land, then the Geesaman farm. Adjoining the Hoffman plantation was the homestead of John Forsyth, whose sons were cousins and criminal associates of the Nugents. To the southeastward was the old Guilford Manor, of which I might have something to say if I were writing of land jobbing under the Penns in the eighteenth century. On this manor Edward Crawford obtained large tracts of land, some of which remains in the Crawford name to this day.

A trip by automobile or a carriage drive over the Bedford turnpike from Chambersburg to Fort Loudon reveals a romantic country once peopled by historic families. This is especially true of Hamilton township, including the L north of the turnpike. On Back

Creek, above Brake's Mill, were the plantations of William Ramsey, afterwards owned by his sons William, Thomas, Benjamin and John. William Ramsey's descendants are to be found in Pittsburgh, in Washington county, Pa., and in Harrison county, O., but strenuous efforts were required on their behalf to identify the old Ramsey homestead, and so far it has been found impossible to establish their exact relationship with the old Ramsey family of Bucks county, to which they undoubtedly belonged. William Ramsey, the eldest son of William Ramsey, the first settler, was an ensign in active service in the Revolution. He was a member of Rocky Spring Presbyterian Church. One would imagine that the Revolutionary privileges to which his descendants are entitled could not be in doubt, but notwithstanding this apparent certainty I was shown what purported to be a full genealogy of the family, no part of which was capable of verification. I believe that all the Ramsey families of Franklin county, of which there are three distinct branches, belong to the same stock, but in all my efforts to trace the connection the proofs have eluded me. This is all the more to be regretted because there is reason to believe that the Ramseys of Burnt Cabins are descended from William Ramsay, a brother of Dr. David Ramsay, the distinguished historian, while it is not improbable that Major James Ramsey, the great-grandfather of President Benjamin Harrison, was of the same family. County records are seldom sufficient to establish a lineage of any family and, strange to say, even with a family as noteworthy as the Ramseys, Bible records are scarce.

West of the Ramsey plantation, partly in Hamilton and partly in St. Thomas townships, were the Shields lands and the broad acres of the Wilsons. Two of the Ramseys, Benjamin and John, married Shields girls, sisters, and the only living descendants of John Wilson bear the Shields name. Part of the Wilson lands were originally settled by Capt. Joseph Armstrong, an officer in the French and Indian War and a member of the As-

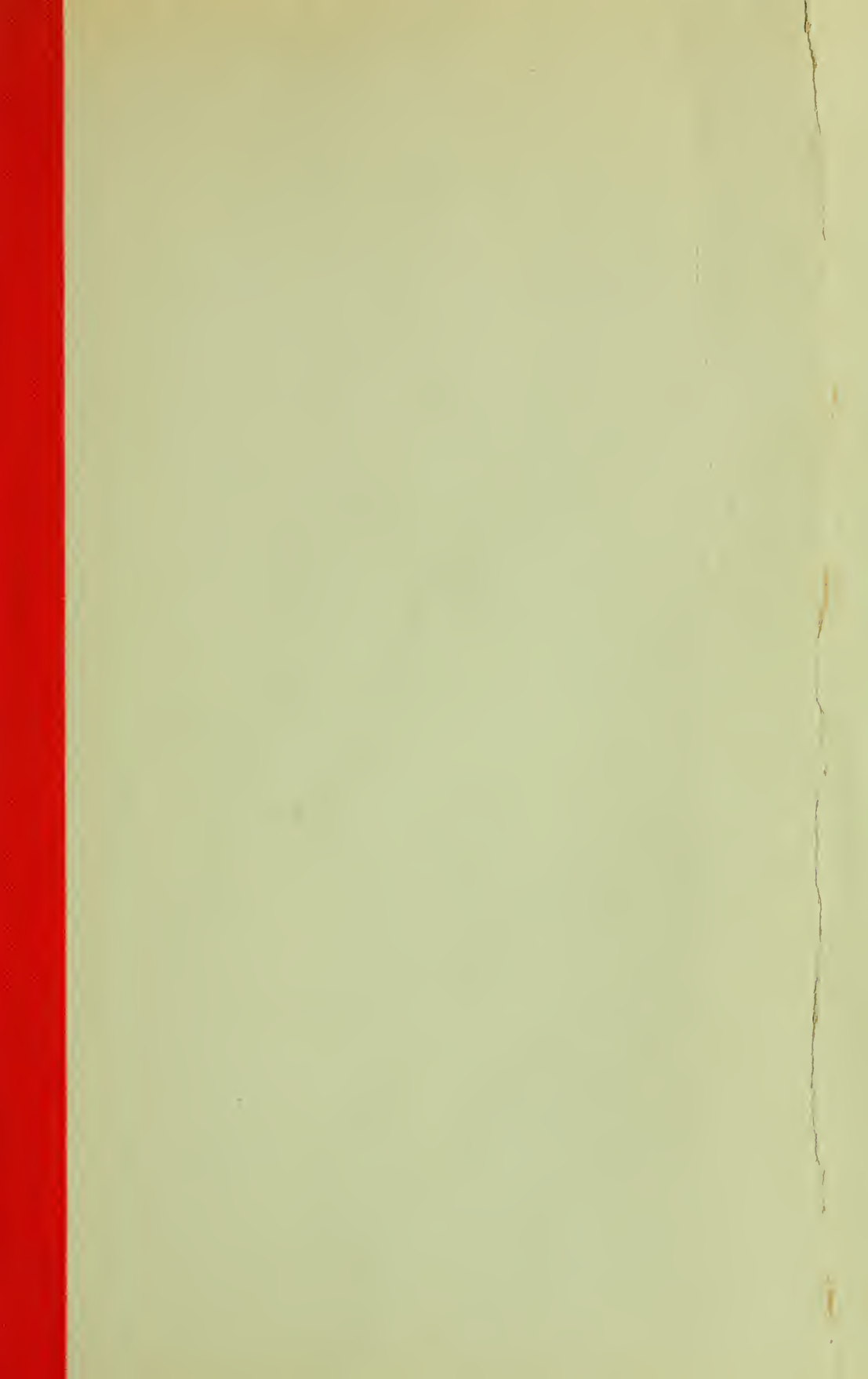


sembly. He took great interest in the construction of the "new road" for General Braddock, even advancing money for the payment of the road-makers out of his own purse. On the 7th of August, 1755, while Dunbar, the Tardy, was making his hasty flight down the Cumberland Valley, he organized a company of voluntary associators among his neighbors for the defense of the frontier against incursions of the French and Indians. His sons, John and Thomas, were privates in this company. John Armstrong, the eldest son of Joseph, removed to Orange county, N. C., before the Revolution. His record in the Revolution was a noteworthy one. He entered the Continental service as a captain in the 2nd North Carolina Regiment, September 1, 1775; was major of the 4th North Carolina from October 6, 1777, to July 17, 1782; was appointed deputy adjutant general to General Gates, August 3, 1780; and became lieutenant colonel of the 1st Regiment, North Carolina Line, July 17, 1782. He retired January 1, 1783. He had a son Joseph. Thomas Armstrong, the second son of Captain Joseph, removed to Orange county, N. C., before the Revolution. He entered the Continental service, April 16, 1776, as a first lieutenant in the 5th Regiment, North Carolina Line, and was promoted to be captain, October 25, 1777; he served to the close of the war. Captain Armstrong was wounded and taken prisoner at Fort Fayette, June 1, 1779,—exchanged in December, 1779, he was captured the second time at Charleston, May 22, 1780, and exchanged in July, 1781. Joseph Armstrong, the third son of Joseph, the elder, was born in the Conococheague Valley in 1739 and died in 1811. He was too young to be enrolled as a member of his father's company, in 1755, but it is probable that he saw service before the close of the French and Indian War. In 1776 he was Colonel of the 5th Battalion, Cumberland county militia. Among the captains of companies in his battalion were

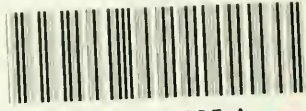
Samuel Culbertson, George Matthews and James McConnell, all members of Rocky Spring Church. The Rev. John Cralghead, the pastor, was a private in Captain Culbertson's company. The battalion saw service in the winter campaign of 1776-77. In his will he left his farm on which he lived to Joseph Armstrong, son of his brother John, of Orange county, N. C., after the death of his wife; the "upper place" he directed to be sold and named as beneficiaries of the fund—Mary, daughter of Patrick Jack; Mary, daughter of Robert McConanghy, and wife of Jacob Cassatt; Samuel Armstrong and John, sons of John Finley, dec'd; Joseph Armstrong, son of John Blackburn, Ohio; and George Armstrong, Esq., of Greensburg, Pa. Colonel Armstrong married Elizabeth Finley, daughter of John Finley. She died March 11, 1820. They had no children. James Armstrong, fourth son of Joseph, the elder, was colonel of the 8th Regiment, North Carolina Line, from November 26, 1776, to June 1, 1778. He afterward commanded a regiment of Rangers, and was reported among the killed and wounded at Stone Ferry, June 29, 1779. William Armstrong, fifth son of Joseph, the elder, removed to Orange county, N. C., before the Revolution, where some of his descendants still own the old homestead. He entered the Continental service, January 4, 1776, as an ensign in the 1st North Carolina Regiment, and was promoted to be second lieutenant, April 10, 1776, first lieutenant, January 1, 1777, and captain, August 29, 1777. He retired January 1, 1783. Captain Armstrong was wounded at Ramsour's Mill, June 20, 1780. The family is now extinct in Pennsylvania.

I would like to continue my journey around Mt. Parnell and visit the early settlers—the Dixons, the Campbells and the McDowells—in their homes, but time admonishes me that the way is long and that I have taxed your attention sufficiently.





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